An Antidote of Rare Phyſick.

No Rarer thing that you can find,
To Cure a Diſcontented mind;
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If you ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear:
And let no want nor Poverty,
Diſquiet your mind, I tell to ye;
For God hath all things ſtill in ſtore,
If you have content you need no more

The Tune is, No love like a contented mind: or, Phancies Phenix.

INdeed this world is ſo unjuſt,
Men cannot one another truſt;
Some are ſo troubled in their mind,
One ſcarcely now a friend can find:
There is ſuch wavering every way,
Makes many a man ſtand at a ſtay:
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If we ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear.

If a man be poor and have but ſmall,
If he be content it's the beſt of all;
There's ſome has Thouſands at command,
That's not content I underſtand;
They pinch and ſpare to make it more,
And grind the faces of the poor:
A contented mind, &c.

If ſickneſs comes count that no loſs,
But be content then with thy Croſs:
If it be Gods will it muſt be ſo,
It's a Bleſſing, pray you ſay not no:
And remember Iob in all his ways,
He evermore gave God the Praiſe:
A contented mind, &c.

If you be caſt in Priſon never fear,
Let not your heart and mind diſpair;
But be content and hope the beſt,
When God is pleas'd you ſhall be releas'd:
That man that ſerves the God of might,
If man do him wrong, God will do him right
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If we ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear.

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If a man have a charge of Children small,
And has but little to maintain them withal,
Let his prayers be still unto the Lord,
Then relief for them he will afford;
And never murmer at your want,
Although sometimis that things be scant,
A contented mind, &c.

Content it is a pleasant thing therefore,
And especially for the Poor;
If a man be brought into distress,
It will relieve him in his heaviness;
And make him understand and see,
What our good God can do for thee and me:
A contented mind, &c.

What ever Troubles comes or goes,
Let's serve the Lord, and give him praise;
And keep our hearts both clear and sound,
That no evil may our conscience wound:
And love all men both Rich and Poor,
And be content for evermore:
A contented mind, &c.

If Maids and young-men be crost in love,
And neither party be unkind.
Let them put their trust in God above,
And he will ease their troubled mind:
And never pine at it I do say,
Many has brought themselves unto decay:
A contented mind, &c.

Contents the best thing we can find,
If any trouble do ver our mind;
It will preserve us from all evil,
And expell the Poyson of the Devil:
For if our hearts be whole and sound,
No evil thing can there abound:
A contented mind, &c.

That man that lives without content,
And hath his heart now on Riches bent,
Ne'r has enough, he'd still have more,
His wicked mind runs on his store:
But the poor man that enjoys content,
Is in a better way when life is spent:
A contented mind, &c.

Contents will cure a wounded heart,
Content will never let it smart;
Content it is a precious store,
And he that hath it needs no more:
It's a Remedy for Rich and Poor,
And a Plaster for every wounded Sore:
Content it is so rare a thing,
Great Comfort to you it will bring.

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